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Last Illness and Death of Joseph Howard

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MEMORANDA

OF THE

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH

OF

JOSEPH HOWARD;

WITH

SHORT EXTRACTS OF LETTERS WRITTEN AND RECEIVED BY HIM.

LONDON:
DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH STREET.

1836.

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PREFACE.

To the Reader.

These Memoranda are the joint production of my surviving children, the brothers and sisters of the deceased; into which are introduced a few sentiments addressed to him by other friends. I was for a time rather adverse, on different accounts, to their being published; but have now yielded to the desire of the writers—a desire prompted, I believe, by the motive of a general good.

From the time of his becoming the pupil of a dear friend, at a neighbouring boarding-school, to that of his attaining manhood, our beloved youngest son was much less in the company of his parents than in that of his brothers and sisters; who lived constantly near him. To them, therefore, who justly had his confidence already, were his later and freer communications chiefly made: there was no reserve, however, (that gave uneasiness) towards ourselves; nor was our harmony ever in the least interrupted.

The reader will be able, I trust, to appreciate, with myself, what may be found in this little

Memoir, of the gradual prevalence and final triumph of FAITH, over much of constitutional diffidence, more still (it may be) of that *willingness* to doubt *whether* BELIEF be *indeed belief*, and EXPERIENCE *experience*, under which the heart, not as yet fully turned to God nor subject to His law, is found to shelter, for a time, its rebellion and its corruptions.

Let him also, if enabled by any thing he may read here, return with us unfeigned thanks to GOD, who giveth deliverance from the suffering and the punishment brought by sin, and with it victory, through Christ our Lord, over the *power* of sin. As regards ourselves, I believe we can from the heart say, respecting the dear youth we have thus been called to resign for a season to the grave, in full hope of receiving him again in life everlasting, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

L. H.

London, Twelfth Mo. 24th, 1835.

MEMORANDA, &c.

In transcribing a few extracts from the letters of our dear deceased Brother, together with some memoranda from the pens of various members of the family, kept during his illness, it would have added to the value of this account of his experience during the latter part of his life, if any key had been discovered which could have laid open the secret exercises of his mind during its earlier progress.

But it was not till within a short period of his death, when the near prospect of Eternity overcame his natural reserve, that he seemed able to communicate his own feelings on religious subjects, *as connected with himself:* and then only with much diffidence, and almost exclusively to two or three of those with whom he was most intimate.

From the time when the symptoms of disease first appeared, which was in the 1st month, 1831, his patient and unrepining submission to the privations of delicate health, and to an occasional and often unanticipated strict confinement of several days or weeks together, were strikingly manifested in his deportment.

After the increase of the complaint had made it necessary for him to give up attention to business, his mental powers were chiefly directed to the improvement of his acquirements in general literature and science; to which he applied himself with persevering and conscientious industry. Having, at one period of his life, found the inconveniences of indolence, and having subsequently experienced the benefit of regular employment, and of the cultivation of his mind, he considered it his duty to avail himself of the opportunity afforded him, for the further prosecution of his studies: nor was he without hopes of turning to some future account the knowledge thus acquired, as he was much encouraged, from time to time, to cherish the anticipation of ultimate recovery. Works of a religious nature were by no means *excluded;* they form a conspicuous portion of the long catalogue which he made of books that passed through his hands; and he was diligent in the perusal of the Holy Scriptures.

The following are extracts from letters written to one of his young friends, to whom he had long been most closely united in the bonds of friendship.

"Tottenham, 5 mo. 14th, 1831.

* * * * *

"My feelings have seldom been such as to warrant my saying any thing on these subjects [relating to personal religion] which would imply a proper perception of their infinite importance: yet rejoice that they have been introduced into our correspondence:—I find thy allusions to them so valuable, in giving a little stimulus to that feeble, evanescent, almost extinguished spark, which still struggles for existence in a worldly, sensual heart, devoted to the pursuits of time, and inexpressibly forgetful of its Creator and proffered Redeemer. God grant that he may be our Redeemer in truth!"

23rd 5th mo.—After speaking of repeated hæmorrhage since the former date, he adds, in pencil:—

"I believe, with thee, that afflictions are often sent as blessings in disguise; but if not *received* as such, if not, *in effect*, beneficial, they do but add to our condemnation. * * * Let us apply

more frequently and more fervently, to the great Physician: let us watch and pray."

"Tottenham, 6 mo. 12th.

Alluding to the beginning of this friendship in 1824, he mentions the circumstances of an interesting walk to Hampstead Heath in his company, on the first holiday after his friend came to school. Then, having mentioned their distant view of the metropolis from that place, he adds: "I once thought I could leave it with unmingled pleasure; but now that I am to bid farewell to London as a residence, perhaps for ever, I find some few relentings."

12th.—"The doctors seem to consider my complaint rather a critical one, but encourage much hope of recovery: whether for life or death, I firmly believe it is intended for my good (and thine). Even Demetrius, a heathen, could say, that nothing could be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction. May God bless it to both of us."

13th.—"'The heart,' said Cecil, 'must be divorced from its idols.'—Have *we* no idols? no persons or things that we love better than our Redeemer, and for whose sake we would disobey His commands? 'This is a *fearful question*,' Cecil again says.——Bleeding and cauterizing have

done much for me;—and whatever may be the result, I wish that it may be so with *me* that I might either live as a Christian, or die as a Christian: but there are Alps in the way.

'O, what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal attain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys!'

"Oh, my friend, to meet thee there! But I must confess to thee and to myself that I do not feel ready to die."

"Ackworth, 8 mo. 9th, 1831.

"As respects religion, I can scarcely describe my feelings better than by the epithet of darkness visible! Resignation of the will is what is wanted: may we both be enabled, forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward in the heavenly course, to look to Jesus in faith; relying on Him, both as *mighty* to *save* and merciful to pardon."

"Ackworth, 8 mo. 29th, 1831.

"This morning we set J. and M. on their way as far as Robin Hood's Well, and I had a good many pensive and heart-sick feelings.

'The last, the last, the last,
By that one little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!'

"This time last year, about, thou and I were romancing among mountains and waterfalls, * * * and now!—But man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and why should I expect an exemption from the general lot? Why should I even wish to avoid the medicine of the mind? For many are the uses of adversity. Thou art on the brink of thy expiring teens: sober twenty is on the wing, and two sevenths of man's allotted pilgrimage, the three-score years and ten, are with the years beyond the flood. It is a serious consideration, that we have spent one third of the portion assigned for preparing for eternity, and the two remaining thirds are not to be counted on as ours! It is awful to reflect, that eternity is as certain as time is precarious: and how infinitely superior in importance!"

"Ackworth, 10th 10 mo. 1831.

"With respect to remarks on serious subjects, the fact is this: unless illness, with its sickening suspense, or some religious book, or family visit for a while pointedly recalls my attention, thought is apt to fly off to other subjects; and the feel-

ings to settle down into a kind of lethargy. When this is the case, it would be little better than hypocrisy to write, unless something struck me as proper or beneficial to say. This is my reason for not having *written* much lately; for not *feeling*, I can frame no excuse: it is a bitter reproach, and a fearful symptom. Watchfulness, prayer, and the grace of God, can alone avert the spiritual death."

17th.—"H. C.'s allusion to my illness is kind and touching: may * * *'s consumption be indeed in mercy averted! How thankful should I be for the amendment which I already experience; but how apt is the real or apparent return to bodily health, to produce a worse, because a spiritual, disease—the lethargy of the soul!"

Bruce Grove, 11 mo. 7th, 1831.

"Dr. H. thinks I have improved more in a few weeks lately, than in months before: what gratitude should this excite to that all merciful Benefactor, in whose hands are the issues of life and death! And how many strong motives to this delightful feeling would my illness itself (with all its privations and heart-sinkings) present to a heart more capable of appreciating and feeling their force! Its alleviations were indeed great: nights almost always unbroken; nearly entire

exemption from pain; the best of accommodations; its happening at a time of life when I have no business to suffer from neglect, no wife and family to fill me with anxiety: the chastened feelings with which I was sometimes favoured; a mother's love; sister's kindnesses, and those of my other relations and friends, both near and distant; especially thy warm, constant, true, faithful friendship, how have these sweetened the bitter, but needful draught! Affliction itself is one of the greatest blessings of life; and not seldom, I suppose, does the dark cloud of sickness and of impending death obscure the sunshine of our worldly prospects, only to give rise to a better, and a brighter, and an eternal hope. With me, sorrow has not had its perfect work; but the evil and vanity of my heart (though very far indeed from being extinguished) have, I would willingly hope, been in some degree damped, and the kingdom of heaven, the reign of faith, and holiness, and love to God and man, though it may not yet have appeared above-ground, (to adopt the metaphor of the grain of mustard-seed,) I sometimes hope is about to germinate. But there is a mighty work to do: may I be enabled to watch, to pray, and to repent; and mayest thou be enabled to pray for me; and may the best of blessings be for ever thine!"

"Hastings, 12 mo. 31st, 1831.

"* * * This is the last day of 1831, and its latest sun, it may be, has ere now sunk in the waters. A year ago, and how little did we dream of all that has befallen us! * * * What did *we* then think of bleeding lungs—of Hastings or Brighton, or an eighteen weeks' visit to Ackworth! A year to come—and perhaps we may be removed to another world; but if we are still spared, what shall we then look back upon? Certainly, on that day in both our lives which forms the era of full entrance upon life—the twenty-first birth-day—undoubtedly, on numerous joys and sorrows, smaller or greater; probably on the general spread of this fearful cholera; possibly, on some circumstances that may fix the important choice of a fellow-traveller through the varied scenes of life; and possibly too, (thank God for the *possibility,*) on an assurance that we have passed from death unto life. But among all these contingencies what can we now do? We can pray:—prayer alone brings the present to bear upon the future, and prevents our wishes from vanishing away as a vapour. Let us pray for ourselves and for one another, that we may be enabled to know and to love God; and then, all things will work together for our good."

" Tunbridge Wells, 26th 2 mo. 1832.

" A letter from * * * this morning brings the sad intelligence, that our dear old friend B. is lying at the point of death. I had before heard a better account from my brother H * * *, so was little prepared for this. How little did we imagine, when conversing together in the shrubbery at Ackworth, and thinking, 'when shall we three meet again' that we should never meet again in this world! But there is a region of blessedness, where we three *may* meet again. Oh! that sin may not part us for ever and ever!

" Before this, perhaps, our friend has passed into bliss beyond our power to imagine, and is for ever safe in his Saviour's bosom, while we are exposed a little longer (but how little none can know) to the buffets and the cares, the weariness and the disappointments, the trials and temptations and dangers of the vale of tears. I hope that he (B.) had in some degree entered on the path of life [everlasting.] Even as a schoolboy, he was very, very different from me, and most others: and I trust he has since more fully chosen that better part, which death can never take away. Oh, that it may be a new stimulus to us both, and that we may choose the Lord as our satisfying portion!

"Tunbridge Wells, 2 mo. 29th, 1832.

"This morning's post put an end to the faint hopes I had begun to entertain, by another letter from F. M. communicating the painful certainty * * *. Poor B—— the companion of many a schoolboy hour, the sharer and communicator of many a thought; whose interesting correspondence has often cheered a solitary hour, is now numbered with the silent dead—at least this is the aspect which presents itself at first sight. When we look a little further, what a boundless field of thought and imagination, so far as it is safe to indulge it, is opened to our view * * *! This is the first breach death has made in our little school-company of nine.—Others have been more or less seriously affected with illness: some are beginning to be engrossed by the cares of business, and thoughts of marriage:—the days of careless childhood are over, and life begins to wear a serious aspect; and death, which must come upon us all, a still more serious one."

"Tunbridge Wells, 3 mo. 16th.

"* * * How powerfully does Urquhart [he had before spoken of reading Orme's Memoirs of Urquhart] argue on behalf of missions!

I think, however, that he greatly overrated the spiritual condition of the inhabitants of Britain. Perhaps this is not surprising when we consider that he had enjoyed the advantages of a Scottish education. Still his arguments go for something, for much; and I cannot but think that we [Friends] who contribute less than some others, to extend the blessings of Christian knowledge to heathen nations, should be especially careful to be active in promoting other schemes of widely extended benevolence. It seems to me that we are equally responsible for the 'talent' of wealth and the 'talent' of knowledge; that it is no less one of the works meet for repentance in him who 'DESIRES *to be a* CHRISTIAN,' and to share the inestimable privileges which a Christian enjoys,—to relieve the destitute, instruct the ignorant, or as far as lies in his power (and who cannot do something?) to benefit his fellows. But how remote is theory from practice! Yet I long that we may not sink into our graves with the sorrowful reflection, that we have contributed nothing to leave the world better or happier than we found it; or even that the general influence of our daily conduct has had a contrary tendency, which I fear is the case with my past life. But this let us do, 'forgetting the things that are behind, let us press towards the mark for the

prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus:' for we too are called, blessed be the bountiful Giver, to *life*, and honour, and *immortality*."

"Tottenham, 5 mo. 30th.

"Thy cordial letter with the birth-day ode, &c. forms a pleasant sequel to a somewhat *un*-festive day! but I will not give thee a catalogue of my sources of discomfort * * * perhaps we are apt to expect a day like this to rise rather *above* the 'wonted track' of daily life;—and expectation unfounded is the parent of disappointment. Thou askest my feelings on passing this important, though imaginary boundary:—they would be difficult to define—perhaps they may best be hinted at, (excuse the pun,) by a string of *nots*. I do *not* feel as if I had entered the fairy land of existence, and yet I do *not* feel as if my eyes were all at once opened upon a blank. We all of us, perhaps, form anticipations in early life, which fail to be realized: but the process of *disenchantment* is gradual; and perchance, in my case, yet far from complete. I need not tell thee, that I am *not* as good as I *ought* to be; and, as an inevitable consequence, *not* so happy as I *might* be. As respects present circumstances, I have not, for the last day or too, been perfectly well: a slight cold, langour, &c. warned

me to be careful: yesterday was a very oppressive day * * *. The above, I think, presents the dark side—but then, on the other hand, if I look at the many 'ills that flesh is heir to,' to which I am a stranger, the negative blessings of life, and the innumerable positive ones too, I must consider a grateful heart as my chief want. In speaking of my feelings, I can hardly do otherwise than advert to the *doubt*, which hangs like a *cloud* over my prospects of life, as regards health, business, a home."—

"Ackworth, 7 mo. 8th, 1832.

"I feel inclined to communicate to thee, in this way, what has been passing in my mind on the most important of all subjects, as it is very likely that no suitable opportunity may occur when we meet: I think this is a time when we are especially called upon to seek, earnestly and perseveringly, after a *change of heart*; after that change which fixes our supreme love on its genuine object, prevents us from idolizing any *worldly* object by suffering it to engross this supreme affection, renders us *always willing* to submit our will to the known will of God, and is (if we may credit many excellent people) generally accompanied by an evidence that our *sins are pardoned*. Various circumstances seem to point

this out as a time when we ought to watch and pray for this blessing; to seek, to strive, ἀγωνίζεσθαι, for ourselves and one another, that we may be made partakers of salvation.

"The prevalence of an awful disease, like cholera, in our neighbourhood, seems to call to serious reflection; while, with me, the sick-bed that I have been so mercifully raised from, * * * and the comparatively few things that *necessarily* occupy my mind in this retirement, seem to point it out as an appropriate time for the study of my own character, and the endeavour, through the grace of God, to improve it.

The cares of life are thickening around us, and a few short years *may* see us involved in the noon-day bustle of the world, so likely to incapacitate the undisciplined mind for serious reflection. May we not then, without presumption, suppose that in some respects, '*now* is the appointed time,' and 'now,' in a peculiar sense, 'the day of salvation?' Oh, let us earnestly pray for ourselves and one another, and never, never remit our strenuous exertions, till we have become partakers of the promise! 'Believe on the Lord Jesus and *thou shalt be saved*.' At the same time we ought, in the strength of God, to do 'works meet for repentance.' We are both, I fear, too worldly in our

views and feelings. Instead of ever allowing ourselves, under any specious pretext, to seek our own gratification without reference to the will of God, we should make that will the spring and regulator of our actions; we should strive against that state of practical atheism, in which for hours together (in my case, often for whole days, almost) 'God is not in all our thoughts;' we should struggle against all evil tempers and propensities; against pride, that grand root of bitterness, vanity, selfishness, worldliness, and false shame—that fear of the world's dread laugh, which so often silences that confession of Christ before men, which, perhaps, in moments when death seems at hand, we fancy we could fearlessly make in the presence of the scoffer. Oh! my dearest J., this is no light undertaking; the world, the flesh, the devil, present their varying, but artfully combined allurements, under a thousand insidious forms; and we have the greatest need to be perpetually on our guard lest all the blessings, which a bounteous Providence has so liberally bestowed, should only serve to rise up in the great day of account, and condemn us for their abuse. 'Life is a warfare.' Oh! that we may buckle on the whole armour of salvation, fight the good fight of faith, and at last come off more than conquerors, *through Him who hath*

Loved us! How little do we estimate the glory of this warfare: how seldom do we recollect when we talk of a Napoleon or a Cæsar, still more of a Washington or a Kosciusko, that 'he that is *slow to anger* is better than the mighty, and he that *ruleth his spirit*, than he that taketh a city!' Here is a field where we may fight and conquer, through assistance from above: and we *must conquer, or fall eternally!* But I must conclude. FAREWELL says the heart of thy affectionate friend."

"Ackworth, 7 mo. 23rd.

Speaking of his literary pursuits, he says, "I am busy with the '*suaviloquentia carmina*' of mellifluous Lucretius—mellifluous, truly, in description; but less so when he gets wedged in among the multiform atoms, jagged and tagged, and smooth and angular, of his favourite Epicurean system: also with [doctor] Hancock, who, with an interesting subject [the instinct of animals] and many views that appear to me just, does not always present his ideas 'clothed with the lawn of almost naked light.' Have nearly finished the Life of H. A. Rogers, a deeply interesting book—must lend it to thee: I think it a first-rate book for 'first-day' reading.

"This afternoon brought the affecting intelligence of * * * *'s death by this dreadful cho-

lera. Oh! what a loud call to repentance, what a fearful warning! It seems that it now attacks the respectable classes, and singles out its victims by a kind of fearful decimation * * *.

"It little matters in what shape death comes, if, by the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, we are 'prepared to meet it.'"

He speaks of the General Meeting at Ackworth, in which, he says, "I have been deeply interested in the manner and matter of the scriptural examinations [of the children], and have no doubt they are likely to be highly beneficial."

8 mo. 4th, 1832.—"Rode by a pretty lane from Carlton through Wentbridge. It was a lovely morning; health and life seemed floating in the balmy air. I saw a miserable object sitting on the ditch-bank, with a boy by his side. I felt interested in the man, for he did not beg. In answer to my enquiries he told me he could not work, he was blind. I looked around on the face of nature fair, and contrasted it with the 'universal blank of nature's works, *to him* expunged and rased,' and it brought forcibly to view the rich blessing of good sight * * *.

"Let us go at once to the source of all strength and counsel, to that blessed Saviour, who is revealed as the 'Counsellor,' and the 'Mighty God.' Not that I would say that we

should not, when we feel able to do so, encourage and warn, and advise and pray for one another: these I think some of the most important duties of a friend; but we must not *depend* on one another, as I think we are sometimes apt to do, for spiritual help: we must depend on God; no man can by any means redeem his brother or himself."

At this period his health was so much improved, as to give the cheering hope that he might be permitted to recover; and few memoranda of the state of his mind at this time are found. But in the beginning of the 10th mo. he had a return of the hæmorrhage; from which time his health again declined, and it soon became evident that much danger was to be apprehended.

On his arrival at Tottenham in the spring of 1833, it was apparent to his friends and medical attendants that consumption had begun to make rapid progress: and very soon, all hope of his recovery faded away. It was at this period, and before he was fully made acquainted with his situation, that some of those who were affectionately interested in his spiritual welfare, observed with regret, that religion did not seem *so prominent* in his thoughts as they could have desired: and about this time, a friend called to

see him, to whom he made some remarks on the subject of prayer, to this effect—that though he *admitted* prayer in the general to be a duty, yet he thought it should *only* be engaged in when we were in a suitable frame of mind.

On the 6th of 3rd month he wrote (to the correspondent above alluded to) a letter, of which the following are extracts.

"[Two Friends] called on 2nd day afternoon, and after a little social chat,—had a word of consolation for me, from which I hope I derived some little instruction. There were two sentiments particularly beautiful: one, that 'God is love,' and the other in substance this: that when we feel void of *any good thing*, we must pray to God, through Christ, and our wants will be abundantly supplied.

10th. "The subject that we conversed upon this day week, [conversion and regeneration,] has frequently occupied my thoughts since, though *very seldom indeed* compared with its intrinsic importance. I find, strange to say, a lamentable want of earnestness, concern, interest, in this *all*-important topic. I think, too, I want faith; for it seems almost too much to hope as a present blessing; and yet, on the other hand, what is worst of all, I fear I want *sincerity*, and am deterred by the narrow way, the

crosses and difficulties of true Christian devotedness. Then, I feel too like the man who should be entrusted with a pearl of great price about his person, during a long and arduous journey, to whom all the dangers of the way would be additionally fearful: thus sin, and even doubt as to the lawfulness of actions, must, I think, be far more distressing to him who has possessed the 'peace of God, which passeth understanding.' Undoubtedly God can remove these difficulties: with Him all things are possible; let us then pray to Him, in the name of the ever-blessed Mediator, and strive to take for our motto, 'Faint, yet pursuing.' May the God of all mercy, He whose name is love, may he bless us both, my dear friend, with an undeserved and long-rejected salvation!"

On the 12th Joseph had another severe attack of hæmorrhage, and two subsequent returns on the 14th and 17th. On the 23rd he added a few lines in pencil to the same correspondent; and on the 25th, after speaking of his having returned to the drawing-room, *and apparently* gained a little ground, he says: "And now as regards the *great subject*, I know not what to say. My impressions are so apt to be evanescent, yet truly, at hours like what I have experienced, *one is* more impressed with the true value of eternal things:—in some degree—

'The hope of heaven, a Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but dross.'

"I do sometimes hope that this affliction will not prove quite useless:—

'Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.'

"Do refer to this beautiful hymn of C. Fry's, in the 'Sacred Poetry:'

'Was Got schickt ist gut.' *

'He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.'"

Adverting to a remark of his correspondent's, he goes on to say: "The kingdom of heaven is compared to a little seed; hidden, overlooked; yet formed to germinate and spread. If we may venture to take this view, it should encourage, not damp: hope invigorates exertion—despair annihilates it. Only believe, and come to Christ; He can change thy heart to-morrow. If I say, 'or mine,' I condemn myself. How different the condition of the converted, and of the unconverted:—to the one death, disease, sudden accident, are worse than fearful; he is

* What God sends is good.

always in *danger:* he is a slave; conscience torments him; Satan is his master; his passions, self, and this world, his drivers. The other is the reverse of all this: he walks in 'ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace;' and when trials do occur, they, too, work together for his good: he glows with love to God and man, and dies with a good hope of things ineffable. How unsafe is it to tarry for a moment!

"28th 3rd mo.—The night after writing the above, I had another slight attack, but regained the couch yesterday."

A day or two previous to the 7th of 4th month there had been an evident increase of the complaint; and some symptoms had appeared, which seemed to indicate a more speedy termination of his life than had before been anticipated; but they subsided in a short time.

On this day he was informed that it was the opinion of his medical attendants that, though he might rally for a time, there was little or no probability of a complete recovery. He heard it with emotion, saying at length in broken sentences, as near as could be collected, that it is said that all things work together for good to those who love God; but he did not know that he loved God. He considered himself selfish: and, not feeling the forgiveness of his sins, how

could he feel quite calm,—concluding with, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

About this time he told a friend who had written to him, that his letter had alarmed him; that he was afraid he was not converted—afraid that he had been living without God in the world. His friend tried to encourage him with the promises:—'Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;' but without doing any apparent good.

The following are extracts from memoranda of conversations.

8th of 4th mo. "Dear Joseph told me that he had the preceding day been made more fully acquainted with the serious nature of his complaint. That he could not find the evidence of such a change of heart as would warrant his looking forward with brightness; and, that though he had experienced support, he did not feel the assurance of pardon."

Under date of the same day he wrote to his sister:—

"Many, many thanks for thy truly welcome sheet; I cannot but comply with the request it contains: was much interested in thy accounts of * * *. Do write again: if subjects are scarce, thou knowest of *one*.—Pray, my dear R. for my conversion and pardon. Pray that my

faith may be strengthened. Could I love God with all my heart, I could then be assured that all things would work together for good. Oh! for a good hope through grace.

"Thy affectionate,

"JOSEPH."

4th mo. 9th.—He sometimes felt contrition for sin, but was afraid to build upon it: his heart had been so long selfish and hard, that it sometimes seemed almost as though he could not repent: and though he felt the burden of his sins, he feared it was chiefly because of the effects of sin, in deserving eternal punishment. He thought the experience of love and joy, love to the Saviour and to all mankind, in the regenerate, is consequent on the sense of pardon granted them. This he did not feel: but seemed comforted in the reflection that all things are possible with God: and on my repeating, 'Ask and ye *shall* receive,' &c., he said he did pray, but feared it was too much because there was nothing else to be done. He could not pray earnestly for ten minutes together; but he thought the best plan was to keep the subject constantly in mind, and then frequent ejaculations arose. He feared his repentance was not sincere, since he had before, in illness, thought himself the subject of

strong convictions; but when health and strength returned, his mind wandered to other things; and he feared, his present feelings might be of the same stamp. He feared, his prayers were not in full faith; and 'he that doubteth is like a wave of the sea.' We conversed on the state of the poor man who cried 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' He thought, we ought to experience full sanctification in this life: but when he thought of heaven, it appeared so very far from him! Could he but feel his sins pardoned, he could in all other respects say, 'Thy will be done:' he could then look even death in the face with comfort. It was not death that he feared, but what comes after death. He had great reason to be thankful for this illness: what should he have been without it? It seemed like an answer to prayer; for when he had the most pressed after sanctification and the full surrender of the heart, affliction had frequently followed.

I reminded him of the hymn,

"I asked the Lord that I might grow," &c.

He said he had often thought of that. His difficulty consisted in coming with the whole heart to Christ. He thought the feeling of pardon is sometimes delayed, to make us prize it more; and his conflicts had not been so deep as those of

some of whom we had been conversing. I said it was only the man who wilfully neglected, or refused, to accept the wedding garment (which it was the custom to offer to all the guests) who was cast out from the supper, after he had been, like others, bidden to the wedding feast. The doctrines of the Gospel are simple; and as our lost and undone condition brought the Saviour down from heaven to die for us, so, our feeling the absolute need of a Saviour is our qualification for coming to him: we have 'nothing in our hands to bring,' but He has said, 'Him that cometh to me I will *in no wise* cast out.' He said he did feel his absolute need of a Saviour; but repentance seems to be our part, and that includes a great deal. I said I thought prayer is the evidence of the commencement of repentance: it was said of Saul, as a proof of conversion, 'Behold he prayeth'—and it is the work of the Holy Spirit to give a sense of the hardness of the heart. He said he must exercise faith."

Under the same date he writes to his friend.

"My very dear friend,

"I long to pour out a little of my full heart, and have begged a few lines space.

On 1st day afternoon my dear mother told me I was not likely to recover: it was a very affect-

ing time. Then, afterwards, much talk with ———: the medical men followed immediately, and finished the afternoon. It was too much, I suppose: soon after tea, hæmorrhage came on. I endeavour not to dwell on the world I am leaving—though there seems much to leave; nor on the death-bed scene——but what is infinitely more important, the Eternity that follows. The thoughts of *heaven* and *myself* seem almost to stagger faith, so great is the contrast—but with God *all things* are possible. I am seeking, in degree, for pardon and holiness—a new heart to love God: but I want faith. Pray for thy friend as one whose days are in all probability numbered [or about to come to an end] * * * * If this affliction does but prove instrumental in drawing us both to Christ, what a mercy it will be. Oh! if I am saved, how little there is to regret—the exchange of a world of many pleasures and much pain and sorrow, for endless bliss: 'the briefer life, the earlier immortality.' I know what the other side presents: it includes thy society and correspondence: but, oh! I must look now to God's favour: His blessing be upon thee. Oh! let us come. All that *will* come may come—then why not *will?* Do write as soon as thou canst, &c.

"Dear love to all; a double portion for thyself,

from thy mournful, but in some degree, hopeful friend, (but oh! what a flinty heart to be turned to flesh!)

"J. H."

On the 11th, having received a letter from one of his sisters, he wrote in reply: of both which, for better understanding, extracts here follow.

"Yes, my beloved brother, there *is* one subject on which we have too long maintained a silence; but now that thou hast given me an insight into thy feelings, I shall feel less hesitation in adverting to it. Time is passing, and thou art not yet blessed with a good hope through grace, that when thy race is run, the glorious prize will be thine. How then can I delay, even one short day, contributing, out of the fulness of a heart which is often tenderly engaged on thy account, any thing which, with the Divine blessing, may be the means of encouraging and strengthening thee. Thou will not, I trust, misunderstand me. I hope many days of peace and comparative enjoyment may yet be thine: but whether in sickness or health, life is uncertain, and Eternity the only object worthy our anxious thoughts: and I long that thou mayst obtain *shortly*, if consistent with Infinite Wisdom, that consoling, sustaining assurance

of possessing an interest in the atonement, which gives joy unspeakable and full of glory. My dear brother, it fills my heart with comfort to know that thou art so fully convinced of thy need of 'conversion' and 'pardon'—and that thou art sensible that thou *dost not* love God with all the heart, &c. I must say I rejoice that thou art thus far enlightened. Oh! it is a mercy when our eyes are opened to see the exceeding sinfulness of our state, and to feel our alienation from God:—and I cannot but trust that He who hath begun the good work will carry it on to the end: that God, who so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life, will, in his own time, reveal His Son in thee;—that is, as I understand it, unveil his glorious character, and give thee to see so clearly the freeness of his salvation, that thou mayst at once accept and embrace it; no longer depending on thyself, but content to receive all good things—*even the power of loving him and believing him*—from above.

"I feel it to be a very serious thing thus to write—thus to attempt to guide thy steps to the Saviour; but, oh! I would not conceal the happiness I have often enjoyed, and the peace I now feel, in casting all my care on Him who has

done so much *for* me and *in* me, unworthy and rebellious as I have been, and weak and erring as I yet feel myself to be. Wilt thou allow me to ask, whether it was intentionally or accidentally that the word 'conversion' was placed before 'pardon' in thy letter. If by conversion thou meanest repentance, it will do; only that I think thou hast repented, if I may judge by thy manner of expressing it. By repentance, I understand a turning from the practice and the love of sin, a sorrowing and grieving for it, and a confessing it to the Searcher of hearts. In this sense art thou not converted as well as convicted? But, perhaps, by conversion, thou rather hadst in view that change of heart which is experienced when, through faith in Christ, we feel assured in our hearts that our sins are forgiven; that we are pardoned, absolved in the sight of God, regarded by Him no longer as rebels—prodigals, but as children:—oh! wonderful love—as children! Well, my dear brother, is not this *justification*, and the receiving of the spirit of adoption—is it not the work of the Spirit, as much as the previous work of conviction is? And whilst we are told that God will give the Holy Spirit to them that *ask him*, shall we doubt how we are to obtain this inestimable blessing?—While we are told, by the inspired prophet, that

'the bruised reed *he* will not break, and the smoking flax *he* will not quench, till *he* bring forth judgment unto victory,' surely this is encouragement to rely upon our Almighty Saviour; and perseveringly to seek his aid, that the work *he has begun* may be *completed.* There is so close a connexion between believing and doing, that it seems as if the one could scarcely stand without the other. Surely, as soon as we *believe* we shall *go* to Christ: but then it is *his* part to *grant assurance* of pardon. The poor woman who came to our Saviour to ask his help for her daughter, was tried by what appeared like a refusal:—'It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs;'—but was it meant as such?—oh, no:—thou rememberest the story. And then the parable of the man who so importunately begged of his friend for three loaves, as to overcome his reluctance to rise and give them: and the declaration of our Lord, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Ah! my brother, lay hold, I beseech thee, on the promises—believe on the Saviour: dream not of being any way *prepared* to go to him, by any feeling of love. I cannot think there is any preparation needed, but sorrow for sin and a desire to be saved from it, as well as from its consequences, and a conviction of the power and willingness of

our Deliverer. We are to walk by faith, not by sight. The longer I live the more I feel convinced of this :—but we cannot communicate to others the precious, the inestimable fruits of individual experience—else how ardently would I petition to be the means of conveying it to thee : yet I hope it may please the Giver of all good to bless this feeble effort of his very unworthy, often erring, child. My visits among the poor have greatly tended to encourage me. In their undisguised disclosure of their feelings, their trials, temptations, and consolations, I have seen much evidence of the reality and the uniformity of the work of the Spirit ; but especially in witnessing the peace and consolation, and support granted them, in the near prospect and actual approach of death, I have gained a kind of experience which is more valuable to me than I can describe. But I shall perhaps tire thee—this is a subject on which I love to enlarge.

" My father sends his dear love to thee. Accept the continued assurance of affectionate attachment from thy sister * * * * *."

" I feel inclined to reply at once to thy truly kind letter. Of my need of conversion and pardon I have been long convinced ; and I have reason to bless God for the fuller announcement

of my present bodily state, made to me on First day last, which has deepened those convictions. Since then, I think I have sometimes been enabled to pray, with some degree of simple faith, for pardon and *conversion*; i. e. that new birth, without which no man can enter the kingdom. But I wish that in these things I may not be deceived. Yet, when I think that if ever I do enter into rest, I must be prepared in heart to associate, not with purified spirits alone, but with Almighty Holiness, I should think it presumption to hope, were it not greater presumption to believe that God's promises could fail. I am tried with want of love to Him, and my neighbour, and want of hatred for sin, abstractedly and personally. Persevering prayer, I know, is the appointed instrument:—the same, I fully believe, is to be employed if we want faith. But how can we know that we fully come—that there is no secret reserve—that we call upon Him in truth? What is repentance? If it include hatred for sin, *because* it is abominable in the sight of God, I fear I have very little, if any, of it. And can any one who has not the love of God feel this true, godly sorrow? I think, since First day, I have felt generally peaceful—perhaps, in some degree, hopeful—but is this right? Are we not

commanded to work out our salvation with fear and trembling? Yet when we feel as if support was granted, I think we should not refuse it: but the danger is of a false rest!—Oh! my dear ——, with a heart free from sin's guilt and power, I think I could view disease and death with composure; for death in itself is but the pain (if pain be felt) of a few short minutes or hours. How strange, that any should think more of *it* than of eternity!

"As regards the burden of sin, I think I feel it a load for its own sake, and could bless God abundantly for its removal. If my shortness makes me unintelligible, my dear ——, excuse it. My cough is seldom very troublesome now, except when I expectorate the night's accumulation. In the day I scarcely ever cough—and I am surrounded with abundant comforts and outward blessings.

"Thy affectionate brother,

"JOSEPH."

4th mo. 10th.—Note of conversations. He said that he felt, perhaps, more comfortable; but was afraid of being deceived by a false repentance. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' He did not feel, as *he wished*, the burden of sin *as sin*; but thought,

after all, it was best not to wait for (and delay till he felt) more full repentance, but come just as he was, to Christ. I reminded him of the hymn—

> 'Take my poor heart, just as it is,
> And set up there thy throne;
> So shall I love thee above all,
> And live to thee alone,'

which he thought very beautiful. He was longing to feel the Spirit witnessing with his spirit, that he was a child of God.

He did indeed feel religion to be the one thing needful now. In the evening, he said he had had many fluctuations of feeling: sometimes it came over him strangely, how short his time would probably be; at others, he found it difficult to prevent his attention being distracted. How great a change must be effected in him, before he could be fit for heaven: but all things are possible with God. I reminded him in how short a time the change must have been effected in the case of the thief on the cross:—he said, yes; but it was more easy to imagine this, in the case of a sinner previously entirely ignorant. It seemed as though he must pray for a change of heart, without seeing exactly how it was to be effected. He wondered that a person who had a clear sense of pardon should fear death, or indeed any thing.

I suggested, that the duty and privilege of coming to Christ remains the same, whether we choose to take advantage of it, or not: and in respect of that, there is much force in the beautiful exhortation, 'having such an High-priest,' &c. let us come *boldly* to the throne of grace: and that, as Newton says, 'the highway is as open for a beggar as for a prince.'

He told me that, in some respects, he felt more cheerful than before he was informed of his danger; * his mind being more freed from anxiety about the best means of promoting recovery.

4th mo. 11th.—He had found it difficult, from various causes, to avoid some degree of distraction of mind this day; and he always felt most comfortable when most fully keeping these all-important subjects in view.

4th mo. 12th.—He asked if I had ever thought, in regard to the parable of the prodigal son, of his being clothed in his father's best robe: he thought, it very encouraging, in whichever way we understood it; whether as the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the returning sinner, or as signifying his being completely sanctified. This last view seemed to give him the most comfort. He believed the poor prodigal was *pardoned* when yet afar off.

* This was much remarked by those around him.

We conversed on the gift of the Spirit, as the privilege of the Gospel day: 'the indwelling of the Spirit' (Eph. i. 14) as the pledge of the purchased possession; as the seal till the day of redemption; and as distinct from the work of the Spirit in striving with the unregenerate heart.

13th.—He said that, at the commencement of the week, his thoughts of heaven had been more vivid than they were at this time: and when he turned to think of himself, it seemed difficult to believe that he could be made fit to enter there;—but *now* he could believe: what a mercy, what a great mercy it is that we are *commanded* to believe! Without this, we might fear presumption; but with such commands, it would be presumptuous *not* to believe. His fears now were respecting himself: he feared lest he should not persevere in seeking after God.

He thought he had been wrong in not seeking more fully for a sense of pardon: he had prayed earnestly for holy love and sanctified affections; but thought dear —— was right in advising him to seek *this* blessing, as he believed it was made the means of producing these affections. It seemed to him wonderful, that we do not more love our Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, whose mercy is so great towards us. I said I trusted he felt some degree of this love: and that he must press after

more. He said he hoped he did; but that it seemed to depend in part on the animal frame: when his spirits were sunk, and his mind overpowered by illness, he could scarcely feel that he loved at all. I told him some particulars of the illness of Legh Richmond's son, Wilberforce, as related in the Domestic Portraiture, and of those texts which afforded *him* the most comfort; with which he seemed interested.

He thought the minds of children would derive advantage from being directed to the subject, (of the plan of salvation;) and that they should be questioned, in order to ascertain that they understood what is told them. He thought also that they should be taught to pray aloud: he never understood *mental* prayer, till Montgomery's hymn on prayer poured a flood of light on the subject into his mind. He said (speaking of his childish days,) he was quite a little Pharisee, trusting to his own works: sometimes resolving to do every thing aright, and, at others, feeling dissatisfied with his attempts, and melancholy in the persuasion that something was not right.

He mentioned with great pleasure a visit which ——— had paid him; and spoke of the encouragement and advice she had given him.

His sister has preserved the following me-

morandum of a conversation with him on this day.

I referred to that text, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' He said, that was a very comforting one; but expressed the fear of being mistaken, of not having a sincere heart. I said, that as no preparation (in our own strength) could make us acceptable, the sense of need was all that was requisite: he replied, he felt it to be so; and he thought that we could not take too simple a view of it, (meaning the Gospel.) He said, '—— brought me this little hymn book, which has some very sweet ones, particularly this,' selecting from the Cottage hymn-book the 72nd hymn 'Come to Christ;' and, pointing to the stanza—

> 'Let not conscience make you linger,
> Nor of fitness fondly dream;
> All the fitness he requireth
> Is to feel your need of him:
> This *he* gives you,
> 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam;'

intimated that he had found comfort in this."

His brother ——'s memoranda under the same date (probably in the evening) run thus:—

He was too weak to converse much: mentioned the pleasure he had in visits from three ministering friends whom he named.

He said, he was afraid of dissipation: but in answer to my enquiries said he felt, perhaps, more comfortable; and could, he thought, trust more.

4th mo. 15th.—Conversing about the treatment of his disease during the winter, and one of the family expressing a doubt whether some part of it had been judicious, Joseph replied, 'It is all in the ordering of Providence.' There was a great sweetness and calmness in the expression of his countenance, and also in his behaviour. He mentioned having received much comfort from the text, 'We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

A few days previously, on receiving a message of 'love to the patient sufferer' from his father, who was then in the North, dear Joseph said, he thought he could hardly be called a sufferer, surrounded by so many blessings (or comforts) and having so little pain.

4th mo. 17th.—In the morning he made some allusion to faith: enquiring whether we considered that *assurance* [*i. e.* a *sense* of acceptance] was essential to true faith, he said, he could not think it was: he thought some had their hope well established, who never could be said to enjoy *full assurance.* He afterwards spoke of the necessity for self-examination, lest it

should not be the pure love of Jesus that actuates us. After some further conversation, he again alluded to the fear of a want of sincerity, and spoke of the danger of selfish considerations influencing our desires for happiness; thinking it impossible for any one to be in the situation in which he was, and not desire to obtain eternal happiness; but he expressed great comfort in the fulness of the promises, that our Saviour is ever ready to receive such as come unto God by Him. He soon afterwards pointed to his favourite hymn, alluded to on the 14th: I requested to have it read; and very sweet was the feeling which prevailed.

In the former part of the evening he had been sweetly alluding to the delight he experienced in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, and had repeated, with much feeling, the last stanza of Bishop Heber's hymn, commencing, 'I prais'd the earth, in beauty seen,' to wit—

'O God, O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee!'

It was a memorable evening; every remark

was so bright; he was so able to enter into and enjoy conversation. In the morning some regret had been expressed, on what seemed to us the afflicting circumstances of dear Hannah Kilham's decease: when he stopped suddenly from pacing up and down the room, and said, 'But if it was in the ordering of the Almighty, ought it not to be considered best?'

4th mo. 18th.—On its being observed, what a comfort it is that the command is, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' and that those who *believe* in the sense here intended will be saved, he said, *belief* there did not mean the mere belief that we should be saved, but includes trust in Christ, giving the heart to Him: and therefore self-examination is necessary, to know if this is indeed *our* faith.

Extract of a letter from Joseph to his friend.

"18th 4th mo.—My dearest ——, I am lost in the multiplicity of my subjects. First, excuse my not writing before; and then let me advert to the *one great subject*. Blessed be God, I trust I *have come* to God, through Christ, for pardon and holiness: and is it not wrong to distrust? Sometimes I have sweet feelings of hope, and I think other emotions *not my own*. But I have

my moments of discouragement: perhaps some of the cholera patients* thought they had as good a hope: and, perhaps, some had—did really believe, but turned back. I pray, * * * for resignation and patience, and a renewed heart: a heart full of love to God and my neighbour: and I think I do often receive strength in the little trials of the day: but, oh! how often do I feel the hard heart of pride and selfishness. I have, as yet, no assurance of pardon: perhaps uncertainty is necessary to keep me humble: yet, on the whole, I think it would be wrong not to say, I trust the Lord has begun a work of infinitely condescending mercy in my heart; and that if I do perish, I am *doubly* condemned. My want of love, of holy fear, of hatred for sin, are trying proofs of a hard heart: but to *Him all things are possible* * * * *. Oh, my *dear friend*, may we not greet one another, blessed thought, as fellow-believers! Hast thou come, fully come, to Christ? I think I have already tasted something of the sweetness of this: and I do believe that a life of constant dependence on, and communion with God, would be the pleasantest."

* He told me —— had given him, in a letter, a sad account from —— of those who became converts at the time of the cholera; most of them, as it appears, having relapsed.

In speaking of the Unitarian sentiments, (with reference to their denial of the propitiatory sacrifice,) Joseph remarked, that he thought it was owing to incorrect views of the *law* of God, that they fall into such errors. "Let us take, for instance, the first commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and remember, that 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all,' and we shall have a more correct idea of our position with regard to the Creator."

In a letter dated the 19th, after describing the employments of the day, he says, "I have great reason to bless God for the unwearied and devoted kindness of my dear, *dear* relations.—* * * has been more than a brother to me, and soothes me with the sweet voice of encouragement and hope: * * * and * * * frequently now spend much time with me; in fact, I am surrounded with blessings, and only want a grateful heart." He then mentions some symptoms of *apparent improvement*, viz. the absence of hæmorrhage, and a little increase of strength. "But do not," he adds, "cherish fond hopes of my recovery: or, at any rate, do not mention them. Warmer air, with more of it, and exercise, may produce a rallying; [Dr. H. seemed to expect it;] but I am too apt, as it is, to let my affections wander to things

on the earth: and the thought of death at hand is a powerful stimulus: yet, why give up the hope of meeting again? Believe me, *I* do not. Dost thou come up about the yearly meeting time? * * * * *. I have had some of Dr. Pinkerton's very superior company. Dr. Steinkoff, too, has been down, a man 'though in, above the world' * * * * *. From the very little experience I trust I *have* had, I may assure thee I believe that faith in Christ opens the truest sources of consolation and enjoyment."

4th mo. 20th.—Joseph spoke much on the charity that believeth all things: he thought this meant the attainment of Christian love: he said the original expressed this, and he liked to understand it with the spiritual import. How complete a character the apostle Paul describes! It was just what a Christian should be! He spoke of the comparative degrees of happiness in heaven: whether it would be progressive in knowledge, or complete at once: though he thought it very immaterial, as we were assured it was altogether beyond conception. We agreed that gratitude would probably be a source of ceaseless praise; for if, here, we are conscious in some degree, how much the Saviour has done for us, what shall we not feel when the whole of his redeeming love is made familiar to us! Conversing upon the

ability to pray, he said it was very difficult to him to settle his thoughts as he could desire; but it was a great comfort that we *might* plead the promises. He believed we might plead them. He wanted to feel more abhorrence of sin, as sin. He spoke of wishing for more full assurance; but said, perhaps it was good for us when it was withheld, that we might become more humble; "and I am sure there is very much in me that requires humbling." One of us remarking that he had been greatly helped, and that she did not doubt that he would yet know the desire of his soul answered, he said 'Oh! dear sister, I do not despond, I only hope.'

He said, he felt it was better to avoid dwelling on the probable sufferings connected with death: it only drew the mind from subjects of far greater importance; and he fully assented to the belief, that strength was often wonderfully vouchsafed; and that, in many instances, spiritual comforts had seemed to abound as the bodily trials increased.

"As it was the anniversary of his niece R. M's. birth, he wished to present her with some token of his love; and on one of us suggesting a wish that it should be of a lasting description, he most willingly consented. He presented his niece with a copy of the Olney Hymns, and his

nephew with the "Harp of Zion." He said, he wished them to remember him: he hoped that they were old enough to do so; and selected three texts for each, to be inserted with their names, saying, it would make the books more valuable to them when they grew older. One text, descriptive of his good wishes for them; another, marking the strictness of the Divine law; and, lastly, one on the happiness of religion. He entered with so much affectionate interest into these subjects, that for many succeeding days he appeared to suffer from peculiar languor; and we thought it best to refrain from much exciting conversation.

* * * * He said, he generally felt peace, but feared his feelings were not deep enough, though he had this day felt more deep hatred of sin. He thought it a mistake to insist on the necessity of repentance *before* coming to Christ, since the two subjects are always connected in the Bible.

Extract of a letter from Joseph to his friend under this date.

"Daily and hourly communion with God I believe to be the true secret of happiness: then the burden grows 'light,' the yoke becomes 'easy;' and besides this, the minor troubles and cares of the daily walk are borne without

that fretfulness and vexation we so often experience, (Ps. xxxii. 7). And in the deeper trials of life, what a support in Infinite Power and Love: the source of all perfection and all our comforts! Who could as easily make up the loss of any earthly comfort, of friends, of health, or property, as we can say it is so. In him is the source of all *happiness*, and all holiness: and they that hunger and thirst after righteousness *shall* be filled. Oh! my dear J. do not regret the loss of thy earthly friend, but '*seek*' and '*find*' ten thousand worlds, ten thousand friends *in Him*. Pray, pray, pray! 'Watch unto prayer:' seek for opportunities: make it thy *business* (thou understandest my meaning) to seek the Lord while he may be found. * * *

"Thou art exposed to accidents in travelling: prepare for sudden death; not by any gloomy anticipations, but by realizing views of eternity, by an habitually watchful, cheerful, prayerful, state of mind, ready at all times to bless the Author of all thy mercies; not excepting afflictions, those blessings in disguise. I never had greater cause for blessing God than now—have been hesitating whether I should say, was never happier for two weeks (nearly) than the last. If happiness is to be estimated by the real value of our enjoyments—I think, not. I had a sweet

conversation with * * * this morning; our hearts seemed to melt: but I wander. I think the state of mind I recommend (how easy to recommend) might be promoted by a short retirement when time could be found. Do I recommend too high attainments? 'To him that hath, more shall be given.' Think of the leaven, and the mustard-tree-seed: but 'Be ye perfect' is the mark.

> 'Who aimeth at the sky, shoots higher far,
> Than he that means a tree.'

Besides, we are not our own, but bought with a price; and what a price! The language of heart and life should be, '*Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.*'

"Evening, this is * * *'s wedding-day, and R. M's birth-day [three years old:] and she can hardly contain the joy of her little heart. Dr. Pinkerton is here: he speaks of a white plague raging on the Vistula, and spreading westward, resembling the cholera, but *worse*. I confess that, strange as it may seem to thee, I was shocked at this white plague—one of the evils that *we* knew not! But death is not familiar to me, nor do I wish to dwell on its image; though I could wish that of Eternity to be profitably impressed on the mind: But whether it be plague or consumption, μη μεριμνητε ['take

no anxious thought'] let us only believe and trust. I am reading the Testament and Pilgrim's Progress, and Legh Richmond's Account of his Willy, who died of consumption. The Harp of Zion found its way to my table unsought only a few days ago. I have abundance of nice Hymns; but the promises are better, and the *substance* of these promises best of all. May we both partake of this. Poor Wilberforce Richmond! He says, in one letter, 'How thankful do I feel that I may kneel at the foot of the cross. Oh! where else could I wish to stretch out my aching limbs and die!' No, there *is* no other Saviour; and how can I feel so little warmth of gratitude! Once more, dear * * *, farewell: the Lord be with us both. Thine, &c.

"J. H."

The next day (21st) he said his mind was generally peaceful; but when he awoke in the morning, he seemed to find some degree of the old hardness of heart remaining, and did not wake with a song of thanksgiving, as David describes it, "When I awake, I am still with thee;" but there seemed a conflict to be maintained.

He told a friend who called upon him (and to whose previous visits we have referred) that he

had felt more peaceful the last few days: this he said with evident pleasure; and his friend perceived a marked change in his countenance, which bespoke that his mind was relieved. He added, "I think I have found answers to prayer, in being helped when I have been disposed to be irritable."

In conversing with his brother * * *, he adverted to the preaching of the forgiveness of sins, as a means of bringing persons to repentance; and queried whether it was not more effectual than beginning with placing before them the terrors of the law; referring to an anecdote of a very hardened criminal in Newgate, who laughed in the face of a person who spoke to her of her sins, but when the doctrine of forgiveness was spoken to, burst into tears, exclaiming something of this sort—"And can there be forgiveness for me?" That text being suggested to him, "The Law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ," he admitted that *that* seemed rather to weigh on the other side. [But there is no mention of the 'terrors' in this text.]

Speaking of the resurrection, he appeared to have been thinking much on the subject of the resurrection of the body: of which he considered our Saviour's resurrection as the pattern, the

first fruits. He enquired about the apostle's doctrine in Corinthians; and queried whether we had reason to believe that some further change took place in Christ's body, on his ascension. On the text being referred to, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body," he expressed, that he believed that might be what had given him some impression of this kind. The idea entertained by some being referred to, that a future state consists *only* in a separation of the soul and body, he said with much emphasis, "That must be a gross error."

4th mo. 22nd.—He said he scarcely knew how to judge of his feelings: much seemed to depend on the bodily frame: as sometimes,—for instance, almost the whole of the preceding day —the languor of the body so benumbed the mind, that he seemed incapable of feeling, and he could only trust and pray. Again, since he had this evening finished reading the Life of Wilberforce Richmond, he had felt so thankful and happy, and full of hope and joy! But he trusted he had this day experienced a more evenly peaceful frame of mind, and had been enabled to rise above the little trials of illness, when he had looked up for strength so to do; that he had also

felt more love, and thought the experience of support (what he could not have given himself,) was more to be depended on as an evidence of Divine regard, than mere frames of feeling.

Extract of a letter from Joseph to his friend, dated 24th of 4th mo.

* * * "Legh Richmond says, in the 'Domestic Portraiture,' you should not only study the Scriptures, but keep in reading some searching experimental book, as a bosom companion. 'A love of such reading (at least no alienation from it) proves a useful test of character.' What dost thou think of it? A useful hint, it seems to me. The account of poor Willy (in the same book) is most deeply interesting.

25th.—"I had a visit the other day, partly religious, from * * *; she is intimate with my sister, and her very countenance seems beaming with true Christian cheerfulness: she does not wish religion to be considered a gloomy thing. I doubt not she finds it a source of truest comfort * * * * *. 26th. I must just take up my pen to tell thee that I got nearly half way down the garden this afternoon. It seemed like a new enjoyment: bright sun—warm fresh air: the flowers looked so bright, and smelt sweeter

than I could almost have imagined. Oh! it was delight!"

From his brother * * *'s notes of conversations.—4th mo. 26th, he said, if he could now be placed in the same situation as when in health, and could still feel as he now *did*, it would be a sure ground of hope that his heart was changed—but now the fear sometimes arose, lest he should only be relinquishing the world, because the world was leaving him; and his feelings varied so much with his state of body, that sometimes it almost perplexed him. When very languid, and his head feeling weak and dizzy, it was so difficult to avoid a degree of peevishness, or haste in expression; and he sometimes gave way too much to it: he still found the old nature to struggle with. I said,

"Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads the Christian home to God;"

and in reference to his not being able to prove the sincerity of his obedience, "Now unto him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." He replied—"But faith must bring forth the fruits, if time is afforded." After taking his usual morning refreshment, he said,

"If I should be permitted to live till the summer fruits come in, I shall enjoy them very much: but it does not do, to plan for to-morrow."

4th mo. 27th.—From a memorandum of conversation with his sister.

In the morning he conversed very freely, and with much animation, on the subject of repentance. He considered it to mean a *change of life;* [of its purpose, rather], that this is the sense of the original, and this must follow the sense of need which brought us to a Saviour. He viewed repentance as the *fruit* of faith; and regretted that it should be dwelt upon, as is sometimes the case, as the thing to draw us to a Saviour: he thought the text about *godly sorrow* that *worketh repentance* proved this. He spoke of several eminently religious characters, whose lives he had been reading, and he remarked the difference in their religious experience. Some seemed to have experienced the sense of pardon very suddenly; and yet to have evinced, by an entire change in their dispositions and conduct, that they were new creatures: others were much longer in attaining the full sense of their forgiveness through Christ; and yet ultimately evinced the same devotedness to His cause, the same proofs of a real change.

He assented to the idea, that in many of the former instances, strong and continued conviction of sin had been followed by an earnestness in prayer, comparable to the wrestling of Jacob, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me;" or of David, "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids until," &c.: and he thought there must be strong faith that freedom from the sense of sin was at hand, before an individual could plead either of these petitions. He said he had not found it best to dwell very much on his past sinfulness: he found it draw his attention to himself, rather than to his Saviour; and he thought the effect on his mind not good. He had often felt at a loss to know whether to pray for a greater sense of his sinfulness: but he thought it was not so desirable, as to pray that the Holy Spirit would make manifest what was meet, and to seek to be in a disposition to desire that just what the Lord saw best might be appointed; for to pray for suffering seems fearful. Yet he thought it very needful that we should examine ourselves narrowly, for fear of sin: and on being reminded of these texts, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight," &c.; and "Cleanse thou me from secret faults"—he seemed pleased, and repeated, in addition, "Search me,

O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting," and said, "I do think that so sweet!"

To his friend, 4th mo. 29th.—"I fear my last letter would give too favourable a picture of my state. I have been dull the last week, body and soul; yet I try to struggle on: the body has suffered partly from languor—sometimes, perhaps, from weariness. Do thou, my dear friend, take courage—so run that thou mayst obtain. Remember the loaves and the importunate friend. Get one of the Society's pocket Testaments with Psalter: a good companion always at hand; often a glance at a promise or command might suggest a 'darted' prayer: mine is a minion pocket 24mo. Dont read the Bible straight on, but make it interesting by searching; comparing type with antitype, prophecy and fulfilment, tracing the marginal references, taking up a subject, *faith* for instance, and following it out. I see I dictate, *tu comprendras*. I need teaching, myself; much, much teaching. * * * *

30th.—"The spring is very beautiful, though backward. I find I have much to be *weaned* of in this attractive world. I want faith to realize a world unseen." He then alludes to a remark in a letter, and adds, "Remember, there is a

rock that is immovable: and oh, come fully, come without reserve—this day—this hour, to Christ, and he *will* receive thee: gratitude and justice call thee. He died in agony for thee, and wilt thou not live for him? And thou art not thy own, thou art bought with a price.—Farewell, dear * * * * *now* and for *ever*.

'Ach keiner zeiten zeit befreit die ewig—ewig—ewigkeit.'

"Love to the home circle—thine, my dear, dear friend, J. H.

"May God give thee his full salvation. I do not know whether I ought to use such strong expressions; my feelings are often, and now, so benumbed by languor, or attention to myself—or, perhaps, by a hard heart. But if we meet in heaven, oh, there will be no lack of love—delightful thought; there it will abound as the vital air!"

1st, 5th. mo.—He experienced many variations of feeling, and much seemed to depend on the bodily frame; but he thought it best to trust through all; and he had, for the last few days, been enabled to do so. He had seen much of the deceitfulness of his heart: pride and other marks of the old nature, shewed themselves sometimes very unexpectedly; but he thought we must not wait for fitness to come to Jesus.

3rd, 5th mo.—He said he had much deadness

to lament during the last day or two. He found general conversation tended to divert his mind from things of more importance; and it was difficult to introduce profitable conversation. He thought a remark which Dr. Pinkerton had made to him very beautiful—That we should not consider ourselves as leaving all our friends at death, but rather, as going to more than we leave behind: and he dwelt on the prospect of being welcomed into heaven. Sometimes, in contemplating the beauties of creation, he considered whether, in a future state, there would be similar sources of delight; but thought this was not right. We should look to a higher source for the fountain of our heavenly joys.

4th.—He remarked, how sweet it was when we can bring all our burdens and cares to the Saviour, and leave them there, and thus get rid of them: this, he acknowledged he sometimes felt.

5th.—Sometimes (he said) recollection of pleasant past scenes came vividly across him, and would still draw his affections to this earth; but it was better, perhaps, to expel such thoughts at once. He did not know how far we should dwell on the pleasure of a reunion with our dearest friends; but there was enough revealed, he thought, to prove recognition in a future state; and referred

me to "Muston, on the Perpetuation of Christian Friendship."

7th.—Joseph remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was deeply sensible that in his flesh dwelt no good thing; and he had often to lament giving way, in some degree, to a hasty temper, in his moments of weakness and depression; but that he had that morning, after being much exhausted with coughing, felt a flow of peace, in believing that he might look forward to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.

On the 9th, 5th mo. he welcomed his father and sister from the North.

11th 5th mo.—He said he had great reason to be thankful for the support he experienced: he generally felt peace; though he feared some part of it might be indifference, as he had so much each day to ask pardon for. He trusted his heart was in some degree changed, since he felt the restraining, and in some degree, the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, and had been enabled more effectually to suppress fretfulness: still he had not kept sufficiently near, nor been watchful enough.

He said his weakness interfered much with profitable employment in the day; but he always aimed at more earnest and particular prayer in the morning, though he could seldom find an

opportunity before ten o'clock. At other times his petitions were more of an ejaculatory nature. He repeated the passage, "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him;" and said, he found it best to turn away simply from the thoughts of past pleasures, as he could not enough realize the superiority of future joys. He still felt the burden of sin, and should be exceedingly thankful to have it entirely removed.

About the 12th, in conversing with his sister * * * *, he made some remarks, as nearly as can be recollected, to this purport:—

He alluded to his weakness, and said, that these trials might help to wean us from the world; that present pain made the prospect of rest to be sweet to him; but that he feared the retrospect of some past enjoyments still had sufficient hold of his mind, at moments, to detain his thoughts—whilst the anticipations of future blessedness were comparatively faint: he, however, recollected that *memory* was active in the former case; whilst in the latter there was nothing but imagination to assist our conceptions. The Christian *feels* the love of God, and he can understand it,—but that is all.

13th 5th mo.—He seemed much at ease in conversation, and took pains to communicate his

views on several topics, connected with the great subject now so exclusively dear to his heart. He appeared anxious to impress upon a near relative the necessity of avoiding every thing which might lead the inexperienced mind to attach any gloomy ideas to religion; strongly advising against tones in reading; remarking that *dull tones* do not recommend religion. He added a faithful admonition of a more personal nature.

On his mother's saying that she felt much for him, he replied, as near as could be recollected, "If we believe that [word] 'in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me,' we should not encourage too much regret; but rather be thankful: for I have hope and trust, though not full assurance of the pardon of my sins." One of his friends remarks, at this period,—"Joseph's trust in his Saviour was evidently becoming more as expressed in these beautiful lines—

'Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.'"

On the 14th, he took leave of Dr. Pinkerton, and told him he had fixed his hopes (or trust) on Jesus Christ.

His sister, who had been separated from him for a considerable time, observes that it was almost surprising to notice his willingness to con-

verse on religious topics, and even to advert to his own individual experience, on which he had formerly observed so strict a silence: not less so was his thirst after devotional reading; his increased value for the Scriptures and for Gospel truth; the warm interest he took in any cases of growing attention to these things, among his acquaintance; and his efforts, by such means as were in his power, to promote the spiritual welfare of his friends. He was indeed most exemplary in his endeavours to maintain spirituality of mind. From the time that he turned with his whole heart to seek the one thing needful, he evinced no inclination for the perusal of the newspapers, nor for other works not exclusively religious; (with the exception of one small task of a literary character, which he was desirous of completing in order to assist a beloved relative, and not without a view to the good of his fellow-creatures;) but whenever subjects were introduced which bore upon the *eternal welfare* of his fellow-men, he evinced the most lively and enlightened interest.

16th 5th mo.—He was speaking of a young man who appeared to be leaving our society, or at least throwing off its manners and dress: he seemed to lament the circumstance exceedingly, and said that London was a dreadful place for

young men; it was so much exposed: he thought it a lamentable thing that there was not a more regular and watchful care manifested towards them.* He earnestly desired it might be done in a Society capacity; for he thought it might prove beneficial: but in many instances, after being visited on the receipt of their certificate, but little more was seen of them till either the non-attendance of meetings, or a change in their appearance, induced another visit from their friends. *Then* it was often too late; the die was cast, and they were not disposed to listen to counsel. But if some friends were appointed, in the first instance, to watch over such young men with Christian interest, how valuable it might prove! For a little thing often proves a great check to a young mind: and he exclaimed with animation, "Oh! I do wish that * * * *, or some one else, would bring it forward." He scarcely knew how to avoid censuring parents who could entrust their sons to such a place, unless they could obtain the notice of some valuable friend. He seemed to thinkit was giving them over to destruction

5th mo.—Joseph remarked, how much he had

* He had himself resided some years in London, and these remarks were the result of his personal observation.

been struck with the passage, "Be of the same mind one towards another." We are so apt, from love of opposition, to sacrifice our own comfort and that of others: which would be both alike promoted, did we study to follow this injunction.

5th mo.—In the evening, he remarked on the sweetness of the prospect of eternity, when we can look towards it in the belief that our sins are forgiven.

25th.—He said he had, the last few days, felt more love to the Saviour, and more trust in Him.

The following note, written in pencil, at different times, and with much difficulty, closed his correspondence with his beloved young friend; and was the last effort of his hand, except several inscriptions in books, left in charge to be given to his relations and near friends; some of which, written in tremulous characters, bear date only the day before his decease.

21st of 5th mo.—"What shall I say to my dear * * * *, after so long silence? Be, as ever, kind and forgiving. I have been looking over my letters, returning some to their owners, burning others, &c. I am now doing my books.

26th.—"Soon after waking this morning, I had such sweet impressions of thee, and so longed that thou could come up: it was quite delightful:

query, was it sympathetic? Find this writing soon fatigues: must be laconic.

"In looking over that part of thy letter which speaks of religion, I find nothing to reply but "Watch unto prayer." Thou knowest my views.

30th.—"I have since thought of that passage about faith, as a grain of mustard-seed, removing a mountain into the sea. Oh! come to Christ: He will sustain: may He bless thee for ever, and ever and ever. This is my birth-day. I still hope in Christ, generally; but cannot realize Heaven: and the deceitfulness of the heart, and sin, often becloud my landscape; yet I can sometimes, I think, adopt that verse—

'When languor and disease invade,' &c.

"Have again seen Dr. Steinkoff.* Have just got thy letter, but will not detain this to reply. My dear *heart friend*, farewell."

On the 27th, he was visited by a young friend from whom he had long been separated, and whom he addressed at considerable length, and with so much earnestness as to be quite exhausted. Among other things, he said, referring

* Joseph told this valued friend, in answer to his enquiries, that he felt peaceful, though at times troubled with wandering thoughts.

to the text, "Ye must be born again," that the injunction, "Set your affections on things above," &c. seemed to express the sum and substance of this change of heart: it was so *comprehensive*: to have the whole bent of the thoughts and affections changed. And when we considered what the affections were, the change was wonderful, and greater than he could have believed.

5th mo. 30th. His 22nd year, and birth-day. He said he found much difficulty in meditation, though he should be glad of the consolation it would afford. In moments of weakness, the mind, without great watchfulness, was liable to become fretful.—He was very watchful over himself on this point; and repeatedly apologized to his mother, when he felt that he had spoken peevishly, though his behaviour was remarkably endearing; and the sweetness of his countenance and manner were generally noticed by those around him. He said, he did not think his feelings had ever been rightly directed till he was informed of his danger; he had always before rather exercised fortitude, in the endeavour to make the best of things, and in the prospect that he might recover. This reflection at one time troubled him much. He said, he sometimes felt almost startled to think how near he was to eternity—nature shrunk from the prospect; and at such times he

felt peculiar need of support. In reply to a question, he said he was able to exercise peaceful trust, but not full assurance. His mother said to him, that as he was placing his trust on the right foundation, she hoped this experience might be regarded as the earnest of his future inheritance: he was not resting on his own works, but in the mercy of his Saviour. Joseph replied, impressively, "*I* have no works to trust to." He viewed the support granted as a great favour.

30th or 31st.—In the afternoon, he said he had of late experienced much more support, and on one or two occasions (one after a very exhausting morning, and the other after Dr. H. had been conversing with him on his very critical state) such a sweet feeling had been afforded him, in looking forward to Eternity, that he had never before experienced any thing equally encouraging: though he had sometimes very transient, but sweet feelings of a similar nature granted. In his moments of depression of body, he felt the Holy Spirit operating in his mind.

31st.—During a trying fit of coughing, he said, "I do not think that we should take a mournful view, but that we should trust cheerfully." On the same day conversation turned

upon the benefit and desirableness of simplicity in the manner of life, particularly the arrangements of the table. He manifested much interest, and in the course of it, said, he could not reconcile very great dinners: there seemed so much wasted. He had often thought of that text, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." He thought this had a very extended meaning, and required that we should all seek to be in a situation in which we could acceptably render Him service: and that to do all things to the glory of God, we should endeavour not to frustrate the end designed by his benefits; by pampering the appetite, or destroying the health, or wasting his gifts; which he thought such entertainments strongly calculated to do.

One day, in the 5th month, the conversation turned on the sense of pardon; the feeling that when we were brought to the Saviour, we were really *pardoned*, and accepted in the *Beloved*. Some remark was made with reference to looking upon this as a thing scarcely to be experienced, except at the close of the earthly race. Its attainment in an earlier stage of the Christian course was alluded to, as seeming almost too good to be true, but as a more stimulating and inviting view of religion than any other, could

we aceept it: Joseph's countenance showed the lively interest he took in these remarks; and he desired a relative to read the first four chapters of Romans; to see if they did not set forth this doctrine. He thought the text, "There is therefore now *no condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus, which walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit," settled the question. Speaking afterwards of Pilgrim's burden falling off when he saw the cross, he alluded to the relief which he had himself felt for a few days—probably soon after the announcement of his danger.

6th mo. 2nd.—He thought in general he felt peaceful.

6th mo. 5th.—A relation, who was second mate on board an Indiaman, being in the village, was introduced to him, after many years separation: Joseph was too weak for much conversation, but addressed him nearly as follows:—"Thou art to take a long voyage: I have a longer one in prospect: but I take the doctrines of St. Paul for my compass, and if thou dost the same, they will make thee happy in life, and happy in death." His feebleness of voice preventing his young friend's understanding him, he repeated it, substituting the word Bible instead of St. Paul. About this time, dear Joseph

received a letter from a valued friend, which shall be here transcribed.

" My dear Friend,

" Until this day I had quite hoped to have called upon thee again before leaving this neighbourhood: that I cannot do so is the cause of real regret to me * * * *. Since the two transient visits I paid thee, thou hast often been present to my thoughts; and the remembrance has been accompanied with great sweetness, and I think I may safely say, with a degree of thankfulness, in being permitted to feel the conviction that thou wast partaking of that support which the hope of the Gospel can alone give. I have rejoiced in the belief, that feeling this need of a Saviour, and seeking to Him in faith, thou hast been enabled to behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. This, dear Joseph, I feel while writing, to be an awful subject; but whilst my love for thee would preclude any thing approaching to a building thee up on a false hope, I cannot but call upon thee to praise the Lord for his goodness and for his mercy toward thee: the future is to us all veiled from our view, but the Lord doeth all things well. My earnest desire, my prayer unto Him, is, that He

would continue to vouchsafe to be with thee to the end, whether the end be more or less distant; that faith and patience may be thine in every time of trial; and that, as the outward man perisheth, thou mayst know (through the efficacy of Divine grace) the inward man to be renewed day by day, and finally be permitted to enter the mansion of eternal rest and peace.—Farewell, my dear friend, and in the feeling of much love, believe me thy sincerely affectionate friend, R. J."

On the 8th, he said his mind seemed like a barren wilderness: his feelings became more difficult to define as he grew weaker, but he felt more love to the Saviour, and more hatred for sin, and in general a peaceful trust. It seemed very sweet to look forward, though sometimes it might almost appear like presumption.

On the 9th, there was a very sensible decrease of strength, which he bore with great patience and calmness; and spoke of his ride, I think, on this evening, as being one of the bright spots in the day, and that he quite enjoyed it.

11th and 12th.—He described himself as feeling generally peaceful, but exceedingly languid and weak: he said he had to pray for support, and experienced it, and that heaven looked very sweet. He sometimes almost longed to fly away.

Within a day or two he had remarked, that we were not to think he was unmindful of our kindness, if he did not often express his thanks; referring to the shortness of his breath.

He continued a regular study of the New Testament till the last day or two; it being almost the only book which he read to himself, in preference to listening to the reading of the family, in order that he might give it the more deliberate attention; observing to his sister, he could not get on very fast, he found so much in it.

On the evening of the 12th, his brother noticed, after assisting in undressing him, how very weak and dependent upon others he had become; and intimated that it was an unspeakable comfort to us, to believe that he was in better hands than ours: Joseph replied, that his faith was sometimes weak and low, and that he hoped we prayed for him.

The next morning, the 13th, the last he saw on earth, he was so weak that we should not have thought it desirable for him to leave his bed; but he was so much bent upon it, finding it refreshing, that we consented, and he was carried down stairs. He, with great difficulty, once raised the phlegm, and remarked it was a *favour*. He lay on the sofa pretty quiet, and appeared to doze at times, having passed a restless night.

After dinner, at which (for the first time) he had found himself unable to sit down with us at table, he expressed a wish to be left alone, that he might get a little sleep; but about half-past three he called for his mother, and upon some change of posture, appeared to swoon away. His mother was the only one in the room, and thinking him dying called some of the family. After a little while, however, he revived, and his speech returned; when he spoke for several minutes, with an elevation of voice and energy of manner quite beyond what we could have thought him capable of; his countenance beaming with expression and altogether conveying the idea of sensations being left upon his mind beyond the power of language to describe. Only a few sentences can be distinctly remembered; but they are recorded, in the belief that nearly the words are preserved, though the order may not be quite accurate. The whole conveyed the idea of his mind being almost overwhelmed with what had been present to his view, and that all his remaining energies were called into action to endeavour to convey this impression to us.

"I have had a view of such unbounded scenes of splendour——for Jesus' blood!——and for me, a sinner! for (or through) Jesus' blood! all for sinners, for me? Heaven! Heaven! is it for

me—me? I am going to heaven! Glorious! Wonderful! Is it for me?"*

His mother said, "Yes, my dear love, I believe it is for thee." Exhausted, probably, by the exertion, he lay pretty still. The rest of the family assembled, with the exception of his brother * * *, (who had gone on an errand for him). His father expressed his affection for him, and his sorrow to part with him; but not for *his* sake, for he trusted *he* would soon be 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest:' to which dear Joseph assented with an emphatic "Amen."

He requested those present to pray for him, that it might be for life or for death—"But rather for death; for my faith is in Jesus who died for sinners."

After a while he enquired if his friend, to whom many of the letters were addressed, and who had come to town a few days previously, was in the room;—desired his love, and added, "Tell him to be a Christian." To another friend he sent a message—"Tell him to beware of money;" adding an expression of kindness.

He kissed his relations, enquired if his hand, which his mother was holding, was *cold*, and

* Several of these expressions were repeated.

being answered in the affirmative, added "It is the cold of death: [thank God, or] blessed be God!"

On the arrival of his medical friend, he said, "I have had such a glorious vision! I did not think I should have come back:—it was a disappointment." He queried of him—"How near death?" "My dear friend," was the reply, "I think not many hours"—"Minutes," he rejoined, with a tone which indicated a longing to be gone. He sent his love to two young cousins whom he had expected to see, (they had called, but he was considered too ill to see them,) and added, "Tell them they must be born again. My hope is in Christ crucified—being justified by faith—" here his voice failed, but he added a word or two to direct our attention to the remainder of the passage. His mother asked if *that* was his message to his cousins? He said, "The *first* part." He sent a similar message to two other of his young friends; and to his brother a message of affection. He gave clear directions respecting some letters, which he wished to be returned to the writers. Also to burn those from one of his friends who was deceased. After a while he seemed increasingly tried with the prolonged struggle between life and death; and begged that

we would pray that his faith and patience might hold out to the end.

It seemed as if the enemy was permitted once more to suggest the doubts which had sometimes distressed him during his illness, as to the sincerity and reality of his faith; and under what appeared to be an awful sense of the state of those who are cast out from the Divine presence, he, with great energy of voice, and remarkable clearness, prayed nearly as follows: "Oh let me not now sink into eternal misery!—Thou knowest I have been sorely tempted. Save me through faith. I come to Thee, Oh Eternal, Eternal Saviour: if my faith be a right faith accept me in it; and if not, let me even *now* come to Thee, a sinner to the foot of Thy cross, renouncing all dependence on my own works, and all earthly desires. Do I?—Yes.—If not, help me to do so; [or, make to do so;] and Him that cometh to Thee thou wilt in no wise cast out. This, I ask, for thy own name's sake [or, in thy own name] who died for me, Amen!" After this the powers of life and of collected thought ebbed away.

A little interval occurred, in which it appeared that he was conscious of surrounding objects. I believe it was then that he looked with affec-

tion on his mother, his eyes still bright, and said, "I see." In about an hour he breathed his last.

All the family were now in the room, and we believe were prepared to unite with his father in returning thanks to God for his release from suffering, and admission into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

THE END.

J. Rickerby, Printer, Sherbourn-lane.

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